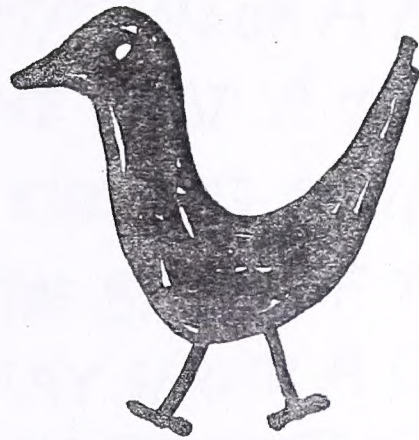
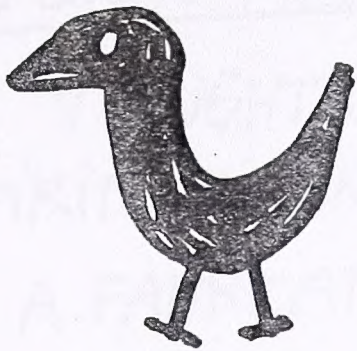


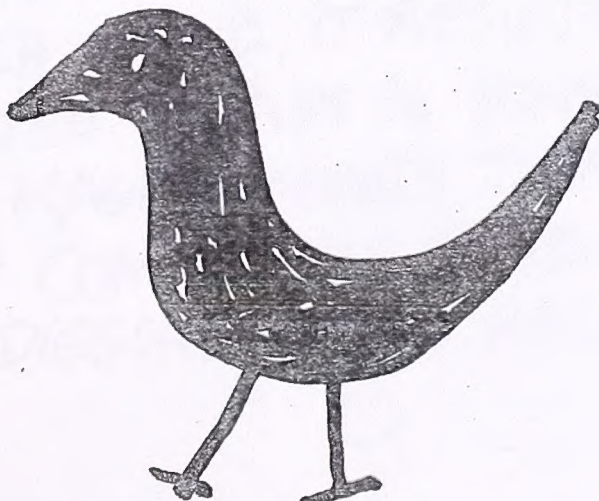
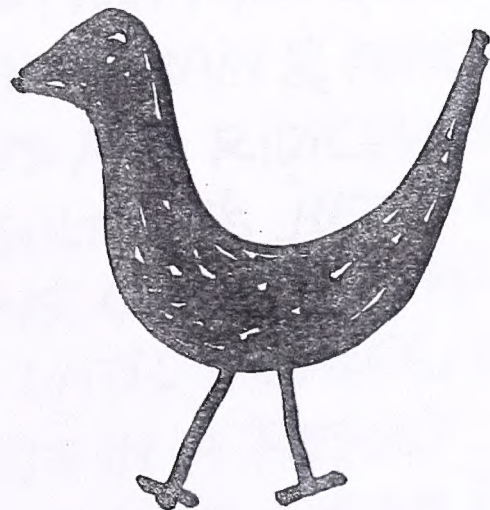
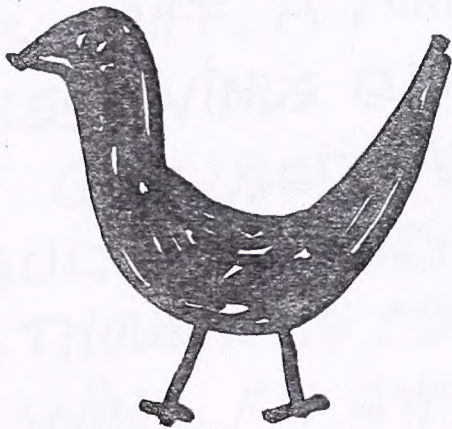
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KASPER 22



SCHNAPS





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KASPER HAS A THOUGHT

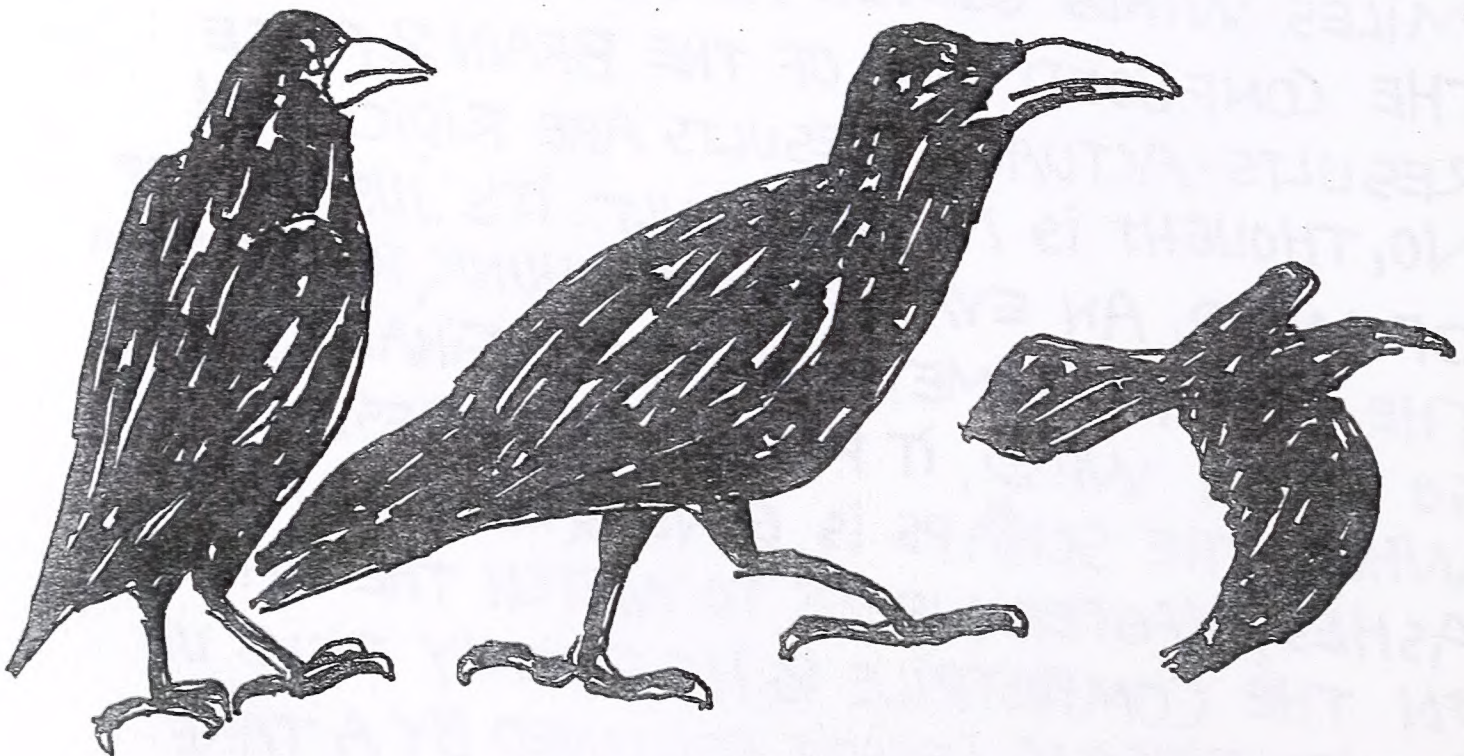
A THOUGHT ISN'T A VISITATION OR A HOLY SPIRIT OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. A THOUGHT IS A FABRICATION FROM THE GUTS OF THE ANIMAL THAT ROAMS IN THE BRAIN OF THE THINKER. THE THINKER MAY SMOKE A CIGAR OR HAVE A SCHNAPS & LOOK PERFECTLY PEACEFUL. BUT HE REALLY IS AN OBSESSED & ANIMALISTIC WARRIOR WHO PUSHES TOUGH LITTLE EXCERPTS OF HIMSELF & THEN FABRICATES THOUGHT FROM THIS STUFF. A TORNADO IN A SCHNAPSGLASS. 100 MILES WINDS QUIVER THE NOSTRILS & PENETRATE THE CONFUSED PART OF THE BRAIN & FORCE RESULTS. ACTUALLY RESULTS ARE RIDICULOUS! NO, THOUGHT IS NOT A RESULT. IT'S JUST A PIECE OF WIND, AN EVAPORATING CHUNK, RIPPED FROM THE GENERIC SOMETHING, UNTIL FINALLY, AFTER SO MUCH WIND, IT RESULTS IN A RESULT. WHEN THE SCHNAPS IS GONE & THE CIGAR IS ASHES, KASPER NEEDS TO WATCH THE RAVENS ON THE COMPOSTPILE & HE QUICKLY PICKS UP A DIRT-DIGGING LESSON FOLLOWED BY A TAKE-

FLIGHT LESSON FROM THE AWESOME BIRDS.

THEN HIS FACE TURNS BLACK LIKE A RAVEN! **AND HE TEARS** HIS SHIRT INTO SHREDS! **AND HE CAWS** THE RAVEN CAW! **AND HE SHOUTS:**

WE MUST FORM A STRATEGY HOW TO ATTACK THE SHIT! **WHAT** DO WE NEED?

HOW DO WE NEED IT? (THIS QUESTION WHIPS HIS LEGS & MAKES HIM RUN TWICE AROUND THE ROOM). THEN HE FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE & HE SINGS: OH-LA-LA-LA.



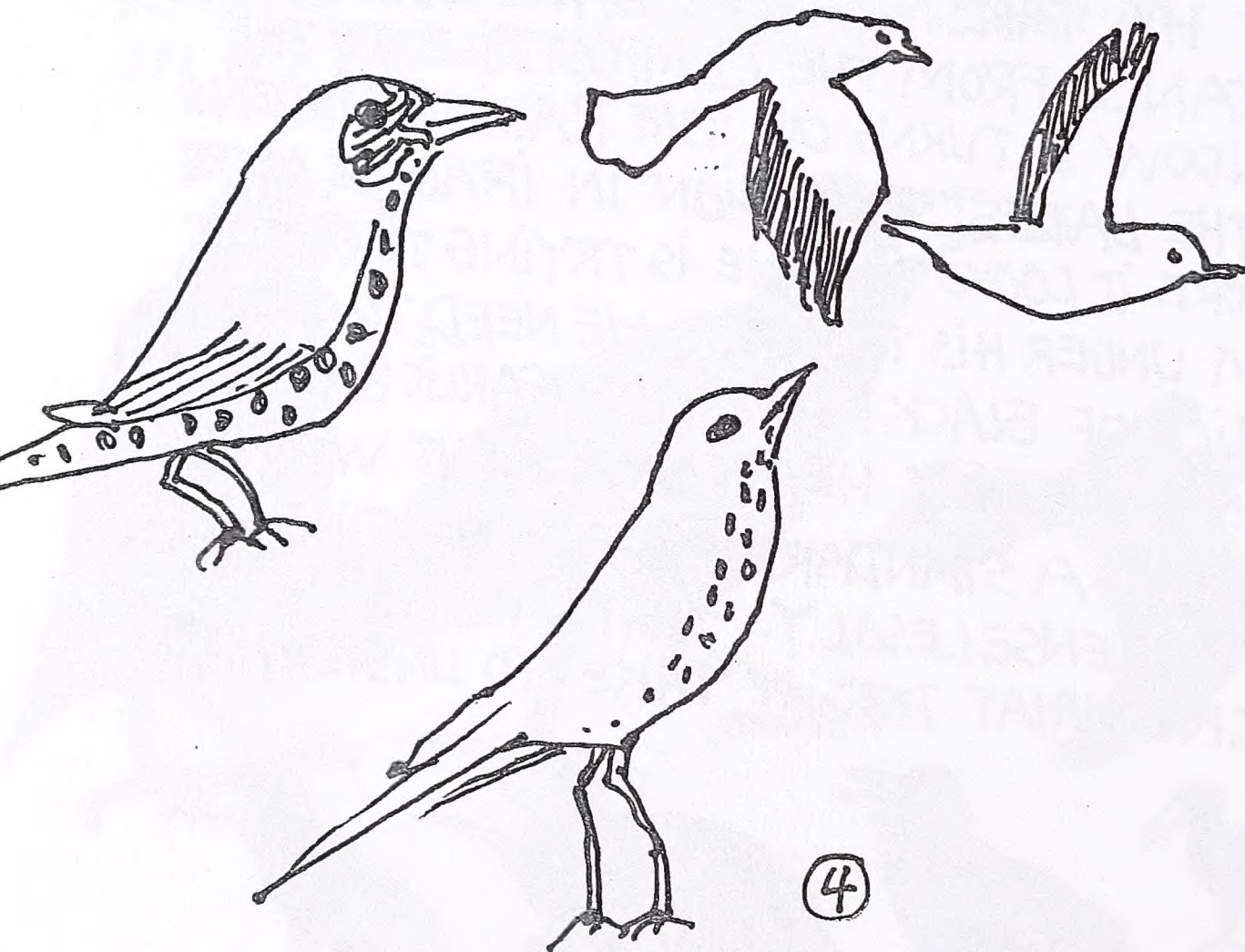
KASPER RECONSIDERS

NATURALLY SOON AFTER, A LITTLE DIZZY FROM THE SCHNAPS & A LITTLE ITCHY ABOUT THE TORN-UP SHIRT, KASPER HAS SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT HIS THOUGHT. HE TURNS INTO THE NORMAL DAYLIGHT FOR ITS CHICKEN-BUSINESS & ITS PHONECALLS & HE GIVES HIS THOUGHT THE COLD-WATER-TREATMENT & MESSES WITH THE RESULT & INSULTS IT & BEHAVES LIKE ANY ORDINARY IDIOT & PULLS OUT HIS TAPE MEASURE & MEASURES THE DISTANCE FROM THE COMPOSTPILE TO THE WINDOW & TURNS ON THE RADIO & LISTENS TO THE LATEST EXPLOSION IN IRAQ. & MORE & MORE IT LOOKS LIKE HE IS TRYING TO GET OUT FROM UNDER HIS THOUGHT. HE NEEDS TO CHEW A SLICE OF BLACK BREAD WITH GARLIC & CHEESE & CONSEQUENTLY HE PICKS A FIGHT WITH NOBODY, A STANDARD FIGHT, SWINGING HIS ARMS SENSELESSLY. THAT'S IT. HE IS STUCK. WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO UNSTICK HIM?



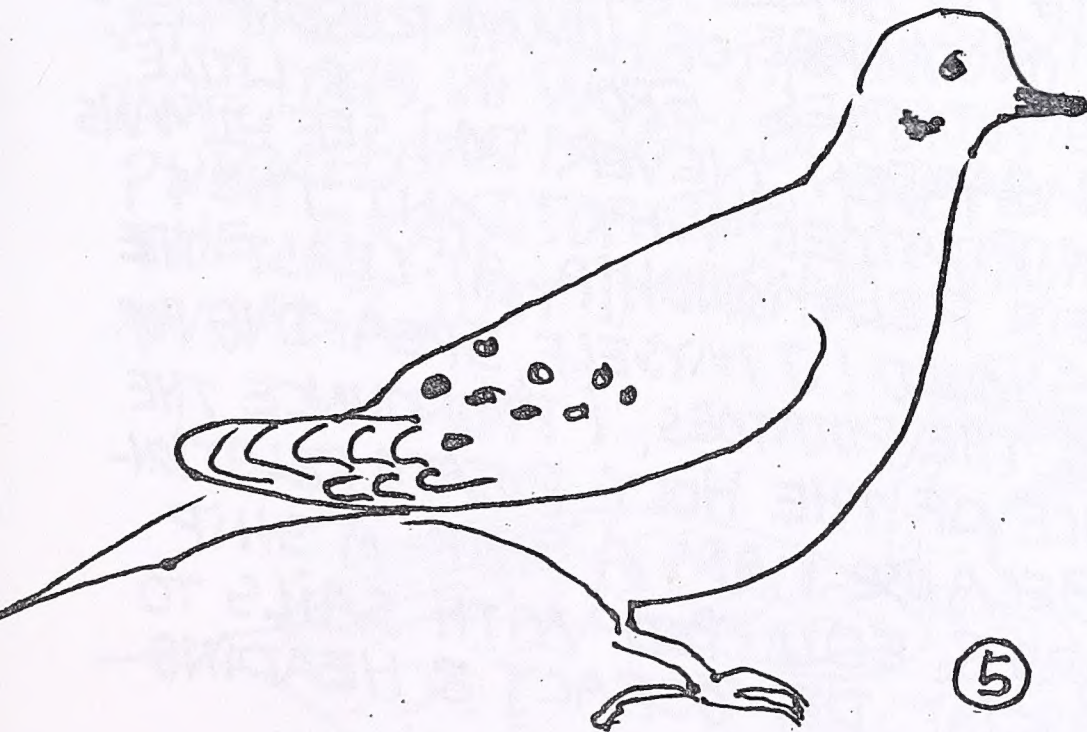
KASPER WASHES THE DISHES

THEN HE MIGHT AS WELL WASH DISHES, WHY NOT?
SUBMITTING TO THE HUMDRUM MISSION. AN EN-
LIGHTENED EVERYDAY SPORT WHICH KEEPS YOU
IN SHAPE LIKE NOTHING ELSE. FURTHERMORE
IT DOESN'T COST ANYTHING & MAKES YOUR HEART
BEAT IN THIRD DOMESTIC-HAPPINESS GEAR PLUS THE
HAPPINESS OF YOUR WIFE'S BRAVO-BRAVISSIMO.
ALMOST AS GOOD AS EATING MINUS THE TASTEBUDS.
TICKLED BY WARM SOAPWATER & MORAL SUPERI-
ORITY. MAMA MIA!



MUD SEASON

BUSINESS CLOUDS OVER ANCIENT LAUNDRY-
LINE WHICH THE WIND BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER,
HOPPING TO & FRO TILL THE TURKEYS JOIN IN.
THE WIND GETS INTO THE SHEEP, CATCHES THE
PREGNANT EWE & AS THE LAUNDRY LAUGHS
ITS SILLY LAUGHTER, SHE BRINGS FORTH HER
FIRST BORN ONE & THEN ANOTHER & THE WIND
STROKES THEIR MATCHSTICK LEGS & THE LAMBS
SNEEZE THEIR FIRST HOLY SNEEZE BECAUSE ALL
IS RISEN, ALL, ALL, ALL, THE EWE & HER LAMBS,
THE CURIOUS CHICKEN, THE SNOW ON THE COMPOST-
PILE, ALL, ALL, ALL, THE MUD IN THE ROAD, BECAUSE
IT IS THE HALLELUJAH-THE-MUD SEASON, ALL, ALL,
ALL, THE KIDS, EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE NOT HERE,
THE CATS FOR SURE.

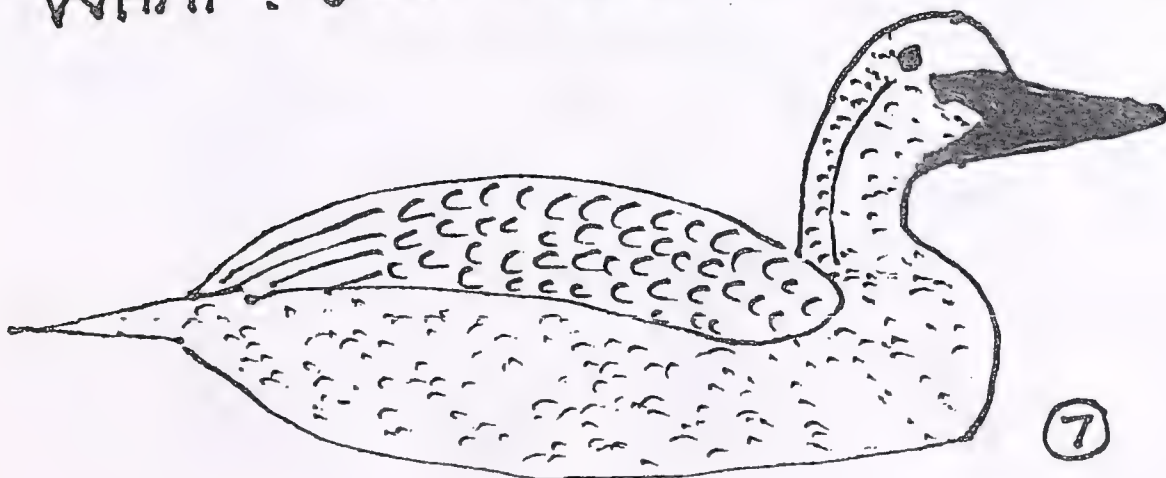


(5)

PUMMELING

WE NEED TO PUMMEL THE SHIT, SAYS KASPER. DO YOU HAVE PUMMELING EQUIPMENT TO PUMMEL THE HEADBUSTING TECHNOLOGY? DO YOU HAVE HORSES LIKE GHENGIS KHAN OR OTHERWISE HOBBYHORSES? AND EVEN PUMMELERS CAN BE INVENTED. WHAT'S NEEDED IS THEIR FIERCE SPIRIT WHICH THEY CALL GHENGIS KHAN. WE HAVE TO THROW A NON-EXISTING WARRIOR STYLE, COMPRISED OF SHITKICKING HEARTS, RIGHT INTO THE FACE OF THE SHIT, LIKE THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK WITH HIS 5000 UPHILLERS & DOWNHILLERS & EVEN HALF-WAY-UPPERS. AND THE HOBBYHORSE CAVALRY IS THE EXTENSION OF THE WILDERNESS IN THE MINDS OF THE ATTACKERS. IS IT THE CAPITALIST SHIT OR WHICH OR THE MODERNITY MONSTER WITH ITS OFFICE OF PROFESSIONAL RESPONSIBILITY IN CHARGE OF HUMAN RESOURCES? WITH ALL THE POTATOES I GROW IN MY LITTLE NOTHING-MUCH GARDEN, NEVER DO I SEE HUMANS AMONGST MY POTATOES, WHY? DON'T THEY REALIZE THEIR RELATIONSHIP, AT LEAST THE GREEN ONES SHOULD! I MYSELF, SPEAKING FOR MY RELATIVES THE POTATOES, I PRONOUNCE THE JOYOUS SCIENCE OF THE HOLY POTATO RELATIONSHIP. YES, BECAUSE I AM A SHIP. A SHIP FULL OF OTHERS & EQUIPPED WITH SAILS TO FLEE THE FASCIST DEMOCRACY & HEADING

TOWARDS NOWHERE. & THE NOWHERE IS SWEET
LIKE MAPLE SYRUP, ONLY NO PANCAKES & NO
EATING. AM I PERHAPS SICK? OR SO FULL OF
NO-SICKNESS-AT-ALL THAT I MUST UPRISE IN
MY GUTS ALL THE TIME, THAT I CAN'T SIT IN
THE MUFFLED CORNER OF MY STUPID YEARS, SO
MANY OF THEM WITHOUT ANY EDUCATION &
EVEN SINCERE IN THEIR OPPOSITION TO SENSE.
OH PUMMELERS, WHERE ARE YOU LOCATED?
YOUR CARDBOARD HELMETS ARE READY. YOUR
MISSION IS WELL-COOKED, YOUR ATTACK
LOGICAL THOUGH YOUR STRATEGY IS UNKNOWN.
PUMMELERS YOU MUST OVERTHROW THE
GOVERNMENT. THE SHIT IS ON TOP OF US &
CLOGS OUR SOUL'S PLUMBING SYSTEM. THE
SUPERSHIT THAT PRETENDS ALL THE TIME &
AFFORDS UNIVERSITIES OF PRETENDING. &
THE IDEA IS THAT THE HOBBY HORSE RIDING
PUMMELERS MUST BURST THE BUBBLE IN
THE BRAIN OF THE PRETENDERS. & THEN
WHAT? JUST IMAGINE: WHAT THEN?



KASPER LOOKS FOR HIS MEGAPHONE

WHERE IS MY MEGAPHONE? WHO IS MY SPEECHWRITER TO WRITE THE EXACT ADDRESS TO THE NOT-YET PUMMELERS? TO ALL OF THEM SITTING AT THEIR OVERSENSITIVE DESKS IN THE MIDDLE OF THINGS, MASSES OF SLIGHTLY DERANGED INNOCENTS WITH NEVERTHELESS ENORMOUS PUMMELER TALENTS IF THEY'D ONLY THINK OF IT. WE MUST DIG THEM OUT FROM UNDER THE SURFACES, SINCE THEY THEMSELVES ARE AFRAID OF THE SURFACES & DON'T LIKE TO BE STASHED AWAY FOREVER & EVER. I PERSONALLY HAVE STOPPED TO BE STASHED AWAY, EVEN THOUGH NOT TOTALLY. NATURALLY I FEEL THE SPRINGTIME IN MY KNEES & I ARGUE WITH MY OWN PRIVATE OFFICE OF PROFESSIONAL RESPONSIBILITY. MY TIME IS UP. MY SPEECH IS NOT WRITTEN. THOUSANDS ARE HIDING IN THE MOST COMMON HIDING PLACES. NOTHING WILL EVER BE COMPLETE & THE HIDDEN FORCES IN THE INCOMPLETE COMMON PLACES MUST BE SUMMONED. LET'S GET BACK TO THE BEGINNING. DESIGN THE HOBBYHORSE CAVALRY.



(8)

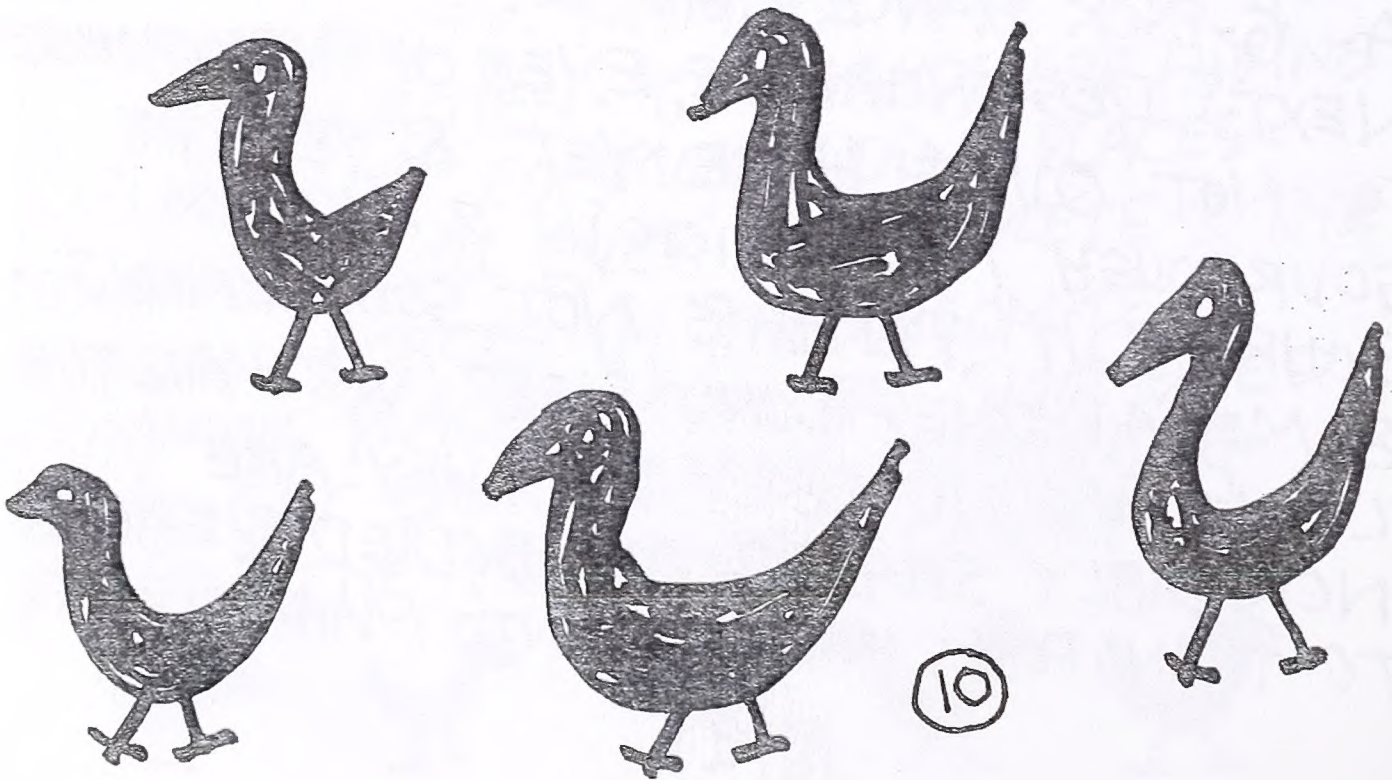


NO MEGAPHONE YET

BEFORE DESIGNING ANYTHING, KASPER IS ON THE UPHILL GO, IN A BRISK MOOD, GESTURING HIS HANDS TOWARDS THE MASSES WHICH AREN'T THERE, THEN SLOWS HIS PACE MOMENTARILY, THEN PRANCES A TYPICAL UPHILL DANCE, WHICH HE KNOWS IS SIMPLY CONTENTED FORWARD MOTION & CONSISTS OF RHYTHMICAL ARMSWINGS, INTERRUPTED BY A-SYMMETRICAL TWISTS OF THE TORSO. THE WIND PLAYS A BIG ROLE IN THE PERFORMANCE OF THE AFTERNOON. THE WIND WHICH JUST RECENTLY RAN THE WHOLE SHOW, IS NOT ITSELF ANYMORE. LUKE WARM CHAPTERS OF SOUTHERN AIR WIGGLE THE LANDSCAPE. THE RUST BROWN CHICKENS WIGGLE ALSO. JUST A FEW HOURS AGO KASPER HAD GONE TO TOWN EXERCISING HIS GETTING-A-G-PACK DANCE RIGHT & NOW THIS. WHAT'S NEXT? DESIGNER TIME, EVEN OF HOBBYHORSES, IS NOT QUITE HERE YET. & YET, THE SOURDOUGH MUST KICK IN & KASPER IS SOUR, BUT PERHAPS NOT SOUR ENOUGH. & MEGAPHONES DON'T SLEEP, WITH ALL THE LYING AROUND THEY DO, THEY ARE INCREDIBLY SHARP & ABLE BODIED & EAGER TO TRANSFORM WHISPERS INTO MANIFESTOS.

KASPER STOPS

THE PROJECT IS NOT CLEAR YET & IT'S OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE TO NOT LEAVE ANYTHING OUT, BECAUSE WHAT IS OUT BOTHERS THE IN. DEFINITIONS ARE RICKETY, LANGUAGE UNAVAILABLE. HOBBYHORSES OR NOT, YOU MUST STICK WITH IT, SAYS KASPER. THE FORMERLY TRADITIONAL WOUNDS & OBSTACLES ARE NOW REGIMENTED. WITHIN 2 WEEKS OR 2 DECADES THE MILITARY WILL TAKE CHARGE OF THE AIR. BREATHING FACILITIES ARE STAKED OUT. THE FESTIVE SHOPPING CAPACITY OF THE ELECTORATE SHOPS DEMOCRACY. LIFE BLOSSOMS IN THE EXACTLY DESIRED RESTRICTIONS. A LAMB SEEMS TO BE LOST & CRIES FOR ITS MAMA.



KASPER STOPS

THE PROJECT IS NOT CLEAR YET & IT'S OF
THE THOUGHT IMPROVING TO NOT LEAVE ANY-
THING OUT, BECAUSE ANYTHING OUT BOTHERS
THE. IN DEFINITIONS ARE RIGHT, LANGUAGE
UNAVAILABLE. IN THE HOUSE, OR NOT, THINGS
STAY WITH IT, BUT KASPER, THE FORMERLY
TRADITIONAL VIEWS OF COUNTRY ARE NOW
REPRESENTED IN THE HOUSES OF 2 DECADES
THE MILITARY, THE HOUSES OF THE AIR,
BREATHING THE HOUSES OF THE
THE HOUSES OF THE LIFE
ELECTRICITY, THE HOUSES OF THE
SLOTTING IN THE HOUSES OF THE
A HOUSE BEEN



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